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**ST. HERBERT.**

A TALE.

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(Continued.)

“THE jests of the unfeeling or imprudent, and the humiliating pity of the malicious, added fresh stings to my grief; and in a phrenzied mood, I fled from society to this place, which was then only inhabited by Indians, persuading myself that thus removed from the cause of my chagrin, I should soon regain my wonted tranquility, but solitude did not effect it—I had too much time for reflection; *night* brought with it no rest—sleep abandoned me, and while even the beasts closed their eyes, *mine* were open, straining to catch the first feint gleam of the tardy day—and when that day appeared—I brooded in silence over the machinations to which the hours of darkness had given birth in my festered breast. Plans of cruel revenge became so familiar to my thoughts, that I at length resolved upon the execution of a most barbarous one—namely, to build this prison, then to return to New-York, assassinate your father—by stratagem to seize your mother, and tearing her from her

family, bring her here with me and confine her for life—this method of vengeance afforded me all the satisfaction, that so bitter a heart as mine can be supposed capable of feeling; and having procured workmen and materials, in less than a year the house was compleated and furnished in the present style.

“ I now set out for my native city, with all the necessary preparations for prosecuting my design; but Providence saw fit to defeat them—for at the first inn where I alighted in the city—I was informed that your mother had taken a voyage to the West-Indies, accompanied by your father, and that my dear mother was lying dangerously ill. Shocked with the intelligence I hurried to her house, and was admitted to her chamber, by a weeping domestic—there I beheld my amiable parent, surrounded by her children and friends, who were come to take an everlasting farewell of her; the spirit seemed just ready to forsake its frail tenement, but on my name being pronounced, she opened her eyes again, and as I stooped down to embrace her, she twined her emaciated arm around my neck; ‘ Now (said she) my prayer is granted—my son is returned to take care of my three helpless girls

—yes, my boy, I leave them to your charge, be to them kind and tender as I have been to you; and you my daughters, be dutiful and affectionate to him, as he has been to me—I leave you all my blessing.’—In a few moments after she expired.

“ ‘As I had now a heavy charge upon my hands, I endeavoured to reconcile myself to my situation as much as possible. I again went into business, gave the girls good educations, and so greatly increased my property, as to be enabled to give them genteel fortunes, had they ever lived to marry; but Louisa’s mother was the only one who changed her name, the other two dying young—and her partner dying suddenly a few days after your Louisa was born, it so wrought upon her sensate mind & delicate frame, that in the course of a fortnight she was laid in the grave of her excellent *Howard*, leaving me to cherish the infant.

“ ‘From the time that I first quitted this place, till you took away my Louisa, I never had an expectation of returning, neither had I ever mingled among men any more than what was absolutely necessary for carrying on my business.—I, however, frequently saw your father, and did him all the ill offices in my power, incessantly nourishing hatred against him in my bosom; and every time that I heard of his prosperity, I cursed my fate that it had not been in my power to prevent it—this was the situation of my mind when I first saw you at my house.

“ ‘I had frequently pressed Louisa to bestow her hand upon a particular favourite of mine, and she as frequently refused, telling me she did not like him—but as he was rich, handsome, sensible, and worthy, I rather suspected that she had formed some attachment unknown to me, and accordingly questioned her strictly, when she ingeniously confessed

that she had lately seen a young gentleman pass through our street very often, whose air and countenance had so far prepossessed her in his favour, that she never could be happy if united with another—she did not know his name, but promised to point him out to me the first time she saw him. My surprize at seeing you at my house, was only equalled by her telling me that *you* were the person—and in the heat of my fury, I determined upon forcing to that compliance from which your affection rescued her’

“ ‘When that event took place, I was determined to abandon myself to every thing the world denominates pleasure. I have accumulated vast heaps of treasure (said I) and there is no one to inherit it, I will therefore enjoy it myself! I gambled, made feasts, attended all places of public diversion, and frequently went out with a party of hunters; it was in one of these excursions that I formed the design of revisiting this forlorn abode, and taking up my residence here for some weeks, with my companions and attendants.

“ ‘And now what recompence shall I make you for the sad consequences of our rencontre. A trifling one indeed: Though but the bare satisfaction of seeing me penitent.’ He made a pause, and then delivering me some papers that he drew from his bosom, ‘here St. Herbert (added he) is my will, and enclosed you will discover directions for finding where my property is: alas, it will be mine but a little longer.’

“ ‘It was in vain that I endeavoured to cheer the disheartened old man, he decayed beneath the pressure of his grief, as the flowers of Autumn wither before the stormy harbingers of winter, and after languishing ten days, I saw him deposited by the side of the tomb over which he had so often wept.

“ ‘Upon opening the will, I perceived

that he had bequeathed me the whole of his estate, and not having occasion for many servants, I dismissed those slaves he had brought with him, giving them papers of manumission; one, however, preferred my services to liberty, he is the same whom you saw this evening. I likewise retained the Indian girl and the child's nurse, and with this little family I endeavored to render myself as comfortable as my situation would permit.

"As my daughter grew, I found the pleasing task of cultivating her mind, to wear away my depression by insensible degrees. I thought I perceived all her mother in her again; her features, form, disposition and even manners bore so strong a resemblance to my Louisa, that I loved the parent in the child and half forgot my loss.

"Wishing now only to live to make her happy, I made large improvements in the garden and the house, and being quite a proficient in music, I had that little temple erected in the grove of fir, for a place to teach my daughter in, and she decorated it with shrubs and flowers as her fancy led her. The happiness of each other was our mutual study; when I was melancholy I would repeat to her the mournful occurrences of my life, and she would weep with me over the evils incident to humanity; and when in my gayer moments I sought to make her cheerful, she would draw me to her harpsichord, and there regale my feelings with the most enlivening sounds; let it suffice for me to say that in the possession of such a child I considered myself as the happiest of widowed fathers.

"Louisa had attained her fifteenth year, when one summer's evening as we were strolling along the road to our next neighbour's we were alarmed by the voice of one calling for assistance; she ran to the cottage while I hastened toward

the thicket from whence the sound came, and there beheld a Phaeton upset, and a young man lying near it senseless, while the driver who was calling out, sat upon a log; on seeing me he attempted to rise, but immediately sunk down again into a swoon; some of the farmer's family just then coming up, we placed the two insensibles in the carriage and gently drove them to my habitation.

"After placing them upon beds, and applying such things as were necessary to relieve them, we had the happiness to see them revive; they told us they were come from the metropolis with some surveyors, and were going to purchase some land near us; that they had been separated from them by the darkness of the preceding night, and not having been able to regain the broad road, they had pursued another, where they were unfortunately overturned; upon examination we found that the young man was exceedingly bruised, and the knee and shoulder of the driver were dislocated.

"We had but just replaced the bones and anointed the bruises of our guests, when my daughter came in; as soon as the young man saw her, painful as the effort was, he raised himself upon his elbow and bowed; and my timid girl who had never seen so charming a youth before, returned the salute with a gentle inclination of the head, while her blushes half suffocated her.

"Julius Cuthbert was about twenty-two, rather above the common size and elegantly formed, his lively eyes were of a beautiful blue, and his hair light; his mouth,—but why need I descend to particulars, he *was not* a regular beauty, but he had that fine expression of countenance that defied the heart to be insensible of its attractions. Louisa, as I said before, was just fifteen, her eyes



large, full and black, her complexion such as a limner might wish to pattern from, she was not tall, but most enchantingly proportioned, and a redundancy of long dark brown hair, more soft and glossy than the finest product of the labouring worm, complicated the outline of her figure.

"Such was Julius, and such Louisa—a pair whose virtues as far exceeded their external appearance, as the lustre of the polished diamond does that of the rough pebble of the valley—a pair whom had it pleased heaven to have crowned my desires, would have softened by their tender assiduities, the last anguish of a disappointed mortal, and have gently closed his eyes when they should be no longer capable of contemplating two such rare copies of goodness—but long ere that wish glowed in my bosom, the edict of FATE had gone forth:—*they* were destined to have their days abridged, and the forlorn St. Herbert to finish his dull career alone!

"After several days of careful attention, we perceived with pleasure that our guests recovered apace, especially the driver, who in less than a fortnight requested leave to depart in quest of the party from which they had been separated—Julius came to me: 'I will intrude upon your goodness no longer (said he) but I think I am not sufficiently recovered yet to undertake a journey—recommend me therefore to one of your neighbours as a boarder, and permit me sometimes to spend a social hour with you and Miss St. Herbert.' 'I prize you Julius, (returned I) and if our society will add to your felicity, you may enjoy it as long as your health and business require your stay; this house shall be your home, you cannot be an intruder.' The Summer sped away as on the wings of the wind, we were all as happy as friendship and simplicity could make us: now & then

indeed our tranquility was a little interrupted by letters from Julius's father, desiring him to return, but his constant replies that his health was so delicate that it would suffer from a removal, satisfied the parent in part, and again restored peace to our habitation. When the weather permitted, Cuthbert and myself laboured in the garden, or felled some of those trees which intercepted our view of the vast range of mountains in front of us—or else we drew from out *some* places of the creek such bulky roots and matted weeds as impeded its course, while in others we tumbled huge rocks, against which, as the sullen waters crouded, they complained in low murmurs of the obstruction—some perennial shrubs and simple wild flowers that bloomed upon the bank were the care of Louisa—and they seemed to wear a brighter hue and exhaled redoubled perfume when propped up or led by her hand—you may judge how agreeably our time passed, by the idea of it dwelling so long upon the broken heart of an old man—but our quiet had its period, for the father of Julius impatient of his delay, wrote to him, and with the authority of a parent commanded him to return immediately or expect to meet with his severest displeasure. He hesitated not to obey, yet he obeyed with reluctance; that very day he set out for his home. When he was departing Louisa, and myself walked with him to the outer edge of the wood and there took our leave. 'Farewel, said the amiable youth in a scarce audible voice, may you both be blest, and ah! in your blissful hours do not forget me, but whenever you wish to remember those who most sincerely love you, think of Julius Cuthbert.'

(To be continued.)



## REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

Beware what earth calls happiness, beware, All joys, but joys that never can expire.

EXPERIENCE daily evinces the truth of the position, that the world in which we are now placed is merely a temporary residence; during our continuance in which, numberless afflictive occurrences will arise to oppress and discourage us. Let us survey the world, and we shall be convinced, that all are, in one shape or another, attacked by the unwelcome shafts of adversity. In short, the present state is a state of warfare, and we must all expect to meet with dangers and difficulties in it. Adversity and disquietude are inseparable from it. It is the inevitable lot of human life, that these frames, the bodies we now inhabit, are speedily to return to their native element; that we are, in a few fleeting days, weeks, months, or at most, years, to be withdrawn from the circles in which we now move, from the tenderest of friendship and of love. The aged parent, the tender child, the blooming youth, the affectionate friend, the fond husband, and the doating wife, will, in a short time, escaped from the stormy wind and tempest, all droop, and die;—for death regards neither situation nor circumstance. The avenue leading to the grave is frequented alike by the humble and exalted; by the dependant rustic and the titled courtier. Youth and age, too, are alike subject to his dominion. Perhaps, Reader, thou art standing upon the verge of the tomb; perhaps, the shuttle has passed the loom that wove thy winding-sheet; perhaps, in yonder shop lies rolled up, and ready to be severed off, the piece of cloth destined to be thy shroud. At all events, thou must soon be brought low. Before to-morrow's sun shall gild the saffron morn, the number of thy days may be told, the dart of death levelled at thy

heart, and thou mayest no longer be an inhabitant of earth.—Pause here, and think! reflect upon the uncertainty of your duration here below; and let this be an awful inducement to you to abhor evil, and do good.

In the present life, every thing partakes of uncertainty, in the one to which we are hastening, every thing is steadfast, unfading, eternal.

All, all on earth is shadow; all beyond is substance.

Upon earth there is nothing can make us substantiantially happy—when we imagine ourselves on the brink of felicity, the frail foundation gives way, and we are carried to the tomb.

Thus forewarned of the vicissitudes which attend humanity, parents of both sexes, you have a talent committed to your trust, to which is attached a high degree of responsibility: Consider this, and shew a becoming solicitude for the eternal and temporal welfare of your offspring: Cherish in their minds the first dawnings of religion, and, by your example and precepts, allure them to the performance and love of whatsoever things are pure and holy.—But, children, if your parents should either be called hence, or inhumanly neglect your best interests to pursue the uncertain treasures of the world, remember there is one whose arm is omnipotent, to whom you can confidently look for protection and support.

Oh, my fellow labourers in this working-day world! what can it present to your view worthy your supreme regard? Do you place confidence in your own strength? behold you are altogether weak: In riches? they take to themselves wings, and flee away: in honors and titles? they are but precarious baubles, inconstant as the passing breeze: in health? a long catalogue of diseases are at hand: in long life? Death is at

the door: in the smiles of Fortune? they, alas! are converted into frowns: in the enjoyments of love and friendship? lovers and friends too frequently forsake us, and we are left solitary wanderers through the wilderness of life's strange history. Thus situated, then, shall we delay the period of repentance and reformation?

Procrastination is the thief of time.

Whilst we hesitate, we die; whilst we promise ourselves years, perhaps we have not days. Let us therefore, assiduously labour to encrease in knowledge, that our affection to the Deity may be deeply rooted and rational, and by continual intercourse with Him, of prayer and praise, of dependence and confidence in dangers, of thankfulness and joy in prosperity, let us endeavour to keep Him constantly present to our minds, and to render all our conceptions of Him more distinct, lively and intelligent; for thus only can we obtain an assurance of a bright reversion.—To this happy state then let us labour to make our title indisputable, and in so doing, we shall lighten the burthens, and alleviate the sorrows of life.

Religion! Providence! an after-state!  
Here is firm footing, here is solid rock:  
This can support us, all is sea besides;  
Sinks under us, bestorms, and then devours,  
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,  
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

#### ANECDOTE.

Old Dr. Hunter used to say, when he could not discover the cause of a man's sickness,—We'll try this—and we'll try that. We'll shoot into the tree, and if any thing falls, well and good.—Aye, replied a wag—I fear this is too commonly the case; and in your shooting into the tree, the first thing that generally falls is—the patient.

#### PRIVATE LIFE OF THE EGYPTIAN LADIES.

(Concluded from our last.)

TELEMACHUS, seeing Penelope speak to the suitors on affairs to which he thought her incompetent, says....

“O royal mother! ever honor'd name!  
Permit me, cries Telemachus, to claim  
A son's just right. No Grecian prince but I  
Has pow'r this bow to grant, or to deny.  
Of all that Ithaca's rough hills contain,  
And all wide Elis' courser-breeding plain,  
To me alone my father's arms descend;  
And mine alone they are to give or lend.  
Retire, oh queen! thy household task resume,  
Tend with thy maids the labours of the loom;  
The bow, the darts, and arm of chivalry,  
These cares to man belong, and most to me.”

*Pope's Odyssey, Lib. 21.*

The Queen, far from being offended at this freedom, retired, admiring the manly wisdom of her son.

Labour has its relaxations. Pleasure is not banished the harem. The nurse recounts the history of past times, with a feeling which her hearers participate. Cheerful and passionate songs are accompanied by the slaves, with the tambour de basque and castanets. Sometimes the Almai come, to enliven the scene with their dance, and affecting recitals, and by relating amorous romances; and at the close of the day there is a repast, in which exquisite fruits and perfumes are served with profusion. Thus do they endeavour to charm away the dullness of captivity.

Not that they are wholly prisoners; once or twice a week they are permitted to go to the bath, and visit female relations and friends. To bewail the dead is, likewise, a duty they are allowed to perform. I have often seen distracted mothers round Grand Cairo,



reciting funeral hymns over the tombs they had strewed with odoriferous plants. —Thus Hecuba and Andromache lamented over the body of Hector; and thus Fatima and Sophia wept over Mahomet.

"O my father! (said Fatima) minister of the Most High! Prophet of the most merciful God! And art thou gone? With thee divine revelation is gone also! The angel Gabriel has, henceforth, forever taken his flight into the high heavens! Power supreme! hear my last prayer; hasten to unite my soul to his; let me behold his face; deprive me not of the fruit of his righteousness, nor of his intercession at the day of judgment."

Then taking a little of the dust from the coffin, and putting it to her face, she adds,

"Who having smelt the dust of his tomb, can never find odour in the most exquisite perfumes! Alas! agreeable sensations are all extinct in my heart! The clouds of sorrow envelope me, and will change the brightest day to dismal night!"

This custom was not unknown to the Romans. They had their funeral urns strewed with cypress. How charmingly does the elegant Horace shed flowers over that of Quinctilius! How affecting, how passionate is the ode he addresses to Virgil on the death of their common friend.

"Wherefore restrain the tender tear?  
Why blush to weep for one so dear?  
Sweet muse, of melting voice and lyre,  
Do thou the mournful song inspire.  
Quinctilius—sunk to endless rest,  
With death's eternal sleep oppress!  
Oh! when shall Faith, of soul sincere,  
Of justice pure, the sister fair,  
And Modesty, unspotted maid,  
And Truth in artless guise array'd,  
Among the race of human kind,  
An equal to Quinctilius find?"

"How did the good, the virtuous mourn,  
And pour their sorrows o'er his urn?  
But, Virgil, thine the loudest strain,  
Yet all thy pious grief is vain:  
In vain do you the gods implore,  
Thy lov'd Quinctilius to restore;  
Whom on far other terms they gave,  
By nature fated to the grave."

"What though you can the lyre command,

And sweep its tones with softer hand  
Than Orpheus, whose harmonious song  
Once drew the listening trees along,  
Yet ne'er returns the vital heat,  
The shadowy form to animate;  
For when the ghost-compelling god  
Forms his black troops with horrid rod,  
He will not, lenient to the breath  
Of prayer, unbar the gates of death.  
Tis hard, but patience must endure,  
And soothe the woes it cannot cure."

*Francis's Horace, Lib. x. Ode 24.*

Among European nations, where ties of kindred are much relaxed, they rid themselves all they can of the religious duties which ancient piety paid the dead; but the reason why we die unregretted is, because we have had the misfortune to live unbeloved.

The Egyptian women receive each other's visits very affectionately. When a lady enters the harem, the mistress rises, takes her hand, presses it to her bosom, kisses, and makes her sit down by her side; a slave hastens to take her black mantle; she is intreated to be at ease, quits her veil and her outward shift,\* and discovers a floating robe, tied round the waist with a sash, which perfectly displays her shape. She then receives compliments according to their manner—"Why, my mother, or my sister, have you been so long absent? We sighed to see you! Your presence

\* A habit of ceremony which covers the dress, and greatly resembles a shift. It is thrown off on setting down, to be more at ease, and is called in Arabic *Camis*.

is an honour to our house ! It is the happiness of our lives !<sup>\*</sup>

Slaves present coffee, sherbet, and confectionary. They laugh, talk, and play. A large dish is placed on the sofa, on which are oranges, pomegranates, bananas, and excellent melons. Water, and rose-water mixed, are brought in an ewer, and with them a silver basin to wash the hands ; and loud glee and merry conversation season the meal. The chamber is perfumed by wood of aloes, in a brazier ; and the repast ended, the slaves dance to the sound of cymbals, with whom the mistresses often mingle. At parting they several times repeat, God keep you in health ! Heaven grant you a numerous offspring ! Heaven preserve your children ; the delight and glory of your family !

While a visitor is in the harem, the husband must not enter ; it is the asylum of hospitality, and cannot be violated without fatal consequences ; a cherished right, with the Egyptian women carefully maintain, being interested in its perservation. A lover, disguised like a woman, may be introduced into the forbidden place,<sup>†</sup> but it is necessary he should remain undiscovered ; death would otherwise be his reward. In this country, where the passions are excited by the climate, and the difficulty of gratifying them, love often produces tragical events.

The Turkish women go, guarded by their eunuchs, upon the water also, and enjoy the charming prospects of the banks of the Nile. Their cabins are pleasant, richly embellished, and the

\* Such titles as madam, miss, or mistress, are unknown in Egypt. A woman advanced in years is called my mother ; when young, my sister ; and if a girl, daughter of the house.

† Harem signifies forbidden place.

boats well carved and painted. They are known by the blinds over the windows, and the music by which they are accompanied.

When they cannot go abroad, they endeavour to be merry in their prison. Toward sun-setting they go on the terrace, and take the fresh air among the flowers which are there carefully reared. Here they often bathe ; and thus, at once, enjoy the cool, limpid water, the perfume of odoriferous plants, the balmy air, and the starry host, which shine in the firmament.

Thus Bathsheba bathed, when David beheld her from the roof of his palace.

Such is the usual life of the Egyptian women. Their duties are to educate their children, take care of their household, and live retired with their family : their pleasures to visit, give feasts, in which they often yield to excessive mirth and licentiousness, go on the water, take the air in orange groves and listen to Almai. They deck themselves as carefully to receive their acquaintance, as some women do to allure the men. Usually mild and timid, they become daring and furious when under the dominion of violent love. Neither locks nor grim keepers can then prescribe bounds to their passions ; which, tho' death be suspended over their heads, they search the means to gratify, and are seldom unsuccessful.

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#### ANECDOTE.

A Lawyer boasting to an honest countryman that a gentleman, whom he had never been in company with *more than once*, had left him a legacy. " Like enough (replied Hodge) but if he had been *twice* in thy company, I'll be hanged if he would have left you a farthing."



## NATURAL WONDERS.

It is very surprising that two of the greatest natural curiosities in the world, are within the United States, and yet scarcely known to the best informed of our geographers and naturalists. The one is a beautiful water-fall, in Franklin County, Georgia: the other a stupendous precipice in Pendleton District, South-Carolina. They are both faintly mentioned in the late edition of Morse's geography, but not as they merit. The Tuccoa-fall is much higher than the falls of Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full, it passes down the steep without being broken. All the prismatic effect, seen at Niagara, illustrates the spray of Tuccoa.

The Table-mountain in Pendleton district, South Carolina, is an awful precipice, of 900 feet. Many persons reside within five, seven, or ten miles of this grand spectacle, who seemingly never had curiosity or taste enough to visit it. It is now, however, occasionally visited by curious travellers, and sometimes by men of science. Very few persons who have once cast a glimpse into the almost boundless abyss, can again exercise sufficient fortitude, to approach the margin of the chasm. Almost every one on looking over, involuntarily falls to the ground senseless, nerveless and helpless: and would inevitably be precipitated, and dashed to atoms, were it not for the measures of caution and security that have always been deemed indispensable to a safe indulgence of the curiosity of the visitor or spectator. Every one on proceeding to the spot, whence it is usual to gaze over this wonderful deep, has in his imagination a limitation graduated by a reference to distances with which his eye has been familiar.—But in a

moment eternity, as it were, is presented to his astounded senses; and he is instantly overwhelmed. His whole system is no longer subject to his volition or his reason, and he falls like a mass of lead, obedient only to the common laws of mere matter. He then revives, and in a wild delirium, surveys a scene, which, for a while, he is unable to define by description or limitation.

How strange is it that the Tuccoa-fall, and Table-mountain are not more familiar to Americans? Either of them would distinguish any state or empire in Europe!—*True Amer.*

## THE FARMER.

The cultivation of the soil gives health and vigour to the body, and purity and tranquillity to the mind. The human form attains in the labors of the field its utmost developement. The full chest, the muscular and brawny arm, and the toil-strung sinew, are the reward of the husbandman. He preserves with nature all its relations. He every where converses with his God. He every where contemplates order, economy and peace; and his soul is filled with a delightful harmony. The seasons return with unerring regularity, nothing is in vain; every thing progresses toward some end for which it has been designed by the eternal wisdom, and every thing attains end, without interference and without confusion, amidst the low but transporting music of the spheres.

The cultivator of the soil is indeed a patriot. The habits formed in his youth never desert his age. The very trees and rocks among which he has grown up, are objects of his affection. He loves the soil which has rewarded his labors, and he finds music in the echo of his native hills.

## CRITICISM ON DUELLING.

We recommend the following article, on Duelling, to the attentive perusal of every person who may think *his honour* wounded, and is anxious to resort to the honourable mode, which decided the dispute at Charleston. The paragraph quoted, is copied from the Charleston Times of the 11th inst.—*Com. Adv.*

"Men of morality and wisdom, have universally condemned the practice of Duelling, as originating not from a sense of dignity and virtue, but from an unrestrained pride and vanity. Impelled by the hope of establishing a name, men whose obscurity, from the want of talents and virtue, (which never fail to distinguish those who possess them, from the common herd,) are frequently impelled to the bloody act of *honourable murder*, in order to furnish to his fellow men a topic of conversation of which himself should be the hero.—These reflections were suggested by a circumstance which recently occurred in this city between two slaves, one of whom is a *female*. They went through the usual ceremonies, and the *fellow* was wounded. This occurrence furnishes, perhaps, the best data from which to form an opinion of those feelings which sometimes excite men to the unnatural practice alluded to. On this subject, however, there exists but one opinion among all men who contemplate the subject without passion or prejudice, and that is, that it is contrary to every precept of religion and morality, and destructive of the peace and happiness of society. The present attempt at this species of murder is one of the best *Criticisms* on Duelling that we have ever read, and we trust, it may convince the gentleman Duellist, that no laurels can be henceforth gathered in the field whence a *female menial* has so successfully driven her masculine opponent."

## SIR GEORGE STAUNTON,

Used to relate a characteristic anecdote of Kien Long, Emperor of China. He enquired of sir George the manner in which physicians were paid in England. When his majesty was made to comprehend what the practice was, he exclaimed, "Can any man in England afford to be ill? Now I will inform you," said he, how I deal with my physicians. I have four to whom the care of my health is committed, and a certain weekly salary is allowed to them: but the moment I am ill, that salary is stopped till I am well again. I need not inform you, that my illness is never of any long continuance."

When Bion, one of the wise men of Greece, saw an envious person looking very dejected, he said to him, "I am at a loss to tell, whether any good fortune has happened to another person, or any bad to yourself." Agis, king of Sparta expressed the same sentiment, when he was informed that certain countrymen of his, men of distinction, envied him: I am sorry for it," said he, "for they will give themselves double uneasiness; they will be tormented both with their own misfortunes and with my prosperity."

## LORD KELLIE

Was amusing the company with the account of a sermon he had heard in Italy, in which the preacher related the miracle of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes, which, in order to listen to his pious discourse, held their heads out of the water. "I can credit the miracle," said Harry Erskine, "if your lordship was at church." "I certainly was there," said the peer. "Then," rejoined Harry, "there was at least one fish out of water,"

## REBUKE.

A few days since, wishing to compliment a young lady on her charms, I was ringing the changes on the old love similies of coral, alabaster, ivory, &c. when she suddenly interrupted me, saying, very seriously, "You may fancy, Sir, you are flattering me, but I conceive you are very rude.—You compare my neck to a stone, my lips to a sea-weed, and my teeth to an elephant's tusks."

A lady of fashion complimented the king of Prussia in such high terms, that he was rather disgusted than pleased with her flattery. She said, among other things, that he was covered with glory, was the peace-maker of Europe, and the greatest monarch upon earth. "Madam," replied the king, "you are as handsome as an angel; witty, accomplished and enchanting; in short, you possess all admirable qualities—but *you paint*."

The first time Gen. Howe went to Court after he returned from America, he had in his carriage a very handsome pair of horses. A person who observed them exclaimed, 'where did the general get his *bays*?' Not in America,' replied a bystander.

A wild young nobleman, being in company with some sober people, desired leave to toast the devil. The gentleman who sat next him, said, he had no objection to any of *his lordship's friends*.

## GOOD TEMPER.

As friendship (says a modern writer) is the balm, so may good-nature be termed the sweetner of existence; a syrup which so happily blends with the acid circumstances of life, that, instead of their souring the mind, and rendering it peevish and petulant, it reconciles it to the most trying events.

In our journey through life, good-temper may be considered as a passport, which will procure us a kind reception in our intercourse with the world: but at home, its endearing charms has a still more powerful influence; and, whilst it communicates pleasure, it attracts regard.—With advantages like these, is it not extraordinary that so few persons should take pains to encourage this inspirer of happiness? In short, that, considering it as a duty they owe society to conceal any deformity in their disposition, they should actually seem to embrace every opportunity of displaying it:

At a musical country meeting, a vocal performer who was rather shabbily dressed about his *under garments*, being complimented on the power of his voice, vainly threw up his head, and replied: "O Lard, Sir, I can *make any thing of it*!" "Can you indeed?" said a wit in the company: "Why then I'd advise you to make a *pair of breeches of it*."

## RENOVATION OF THE HUMAN SYSTEM.

The great Bacon advises, as the best method of renovating the exhausted powers of nature, to free the body every two or three years from all the old and corrupted juices, by spare diet and cathartics—and afterwards to replenish the vessels with new juices, by means of refreshing and nourishing food—thus renewing and invigorating the system periodically.

## EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

Fontana made a number of most curious and extraordinary experiments on animal life, which excite the astonishment of every person who reads his accounts of them. He dried wheel insects and hair worms in the scorching sun—and then parched them in an oven.—Yet after six months he restored these dried animals to life by pouring over them lukewarm water.



## Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

### SUSPENSE.

O dreadful state, thou torture of the mind,  
How long must I to thy dominion bend ;  
O when be free from all the racking pain,  
That rends and tears my tortur'd soul in  
twain ;

Will fortune ne'er in pity to my grief,  
Stretch forth her healing hand and give  
relief ?

'Tis thou, Suspence, that pain'st the cap-  
tive's fate

In colours worse than that which him  
awaits ;

'Twere better, sure, to suffer fifty deaths,  
Than bear the cruel torments thou inflict'st.

Hard is his fate, who falls to love a prey ;  
The world and all its charms to him decay ;  
On him Suspence hath all her horrors sent,  
And makes his life a scene of discontent.

His mistress smiles—that smile on him sheds  
bliss ;—

But now she frowns,—ah ! painful, sad re-  
verse :

His heart with anguish torn, o'erwhelm'd  
with grief,

In secret pines away, nor finds relief,—

But like the flower, fresh while the summer  
last,

Withers and dies beneath the winter's  
blast.—

Then let us not in giving pain delight,  
But rather let us seek to do what's right ;  
And frankly deal through ev'ry scene of  
life,

Free from the cares of jealousy and strife :  
If we're belov'd and in return do love,  
Then let Sincerity our actions prove,

J. L. W.

### EPIGRAM.

Whene'er, you marry, to his son,  
A prudent father said,  
Take, for thy loving helpmate, one  
*Rich* widow, or *rich* maid ;  
For any wife may turn out ill,  
But, gad ! the *money* never will ! !

Communicated for the New-York Weekly  
Museum.

### MY JULIA.

Who, by my side, an infant, say  
In cradle snug, with me did lay  
And my infantine love repay ?

My Julia.

Who shar'd with me, my parents cares,  
Their love alike, alike their prayers ?  
For in our joy, consisted theirs,

My Julia.

When infancy to youth gave place,  
And puerile sports ; who won the race ?  
Why she, with smile-illumin'd face,

My Julia.

Who gave to bright invention form,  
And shap'd me play-things, while the storm  
Made us sad *quarantine* perform ?

My Julia.

Who cheer'd the lonely way to school,  
When I, a backward, little fool,  
Made love a butt for ridicule ?

My Julia.

When trembling and appal'd with fear,  
Beneath my masters rod severe ;  
Who shed a sympathetic tear ?

My Julia.

Oft on a winter evening long,  
I, with my flute, you, with your song  
Would clip time's wings, tho' e'er so long,

My Julia.

Dear, charming girl ! my life shall prove  
Reciprocation of thy love,  
For naught on earth can it remove,

My Julia.

Tho' unkind fate, me from you tore,  
Yet soon we meet to part no more,  
Then I'll recount my travels o'er,

My Julia.

With dearest, tenderest, kindest kiss  
I'll seal this compact of our bliss  
'Tis nature prompts, for Julia is

My Sister.

W. A. S.

### TRUE NOBILITY.

That man may claim the noblest heart and  
mind,  
Who bears most wrongs forgiving and re-  
sign'd.

## A TALE.

Among the wicked crew  
Whose lawless capers blight  
The face of Nature ;  
There are few  
Who make it still their pleasure and delight  
To worry and torment a fellow creature.

Now such an one

Was M\*\*\*\* M\*\*\*\*\*

A favour'd votary of fun,  
Call'd by his comrades ' Witty Jacky.—  
He us'd to say ' the love of evil

Was for our happiness implanted in us :

And that in truth he grudg'd the Devil

The privilege of plaguing sinners ;

Now beasts of prey,

(So learned people say,)

Avoid the light.—

Just so our wight

Kept hatching mischief all the day

To perpetrate at night.

And once when Winter did his very best

To give mankind a shiver,

And sent that coldest of cold wind North  
west,

To make all quiver ;

The mercury might stand below

(Some nine or ten degrees or so)

The zero.

Muffled with cap and fear-nought warm,

That laugh'd the angry blast to scorn,

Forth rush'd our hero

And careful sought (the night was pitchy  
dark)

The house of one John Nutt,

The butt

On whom this son of mischief set his mark.

With thundering racket,

He wak'd the man who hurried on his jacket,

And op'd the casement,

And star'd ('twas very natural) with great  
amazement—

' Sir (quoth the fellow) ' can you tell

' In which house Mr. Nutt does dwell ?'

' My name is Nutt,' the man replied—

' Indeed,' the other cried—

' John Nutt's the man I mean,'

' Well, my name's John,'

' So if you've any thing to say

' I beg you would without delay,

' Go on'—

' Sir,' said the rogue with tone and phiz de-  
mure,

' I would'nt keep you waiting, but,

' 'Tis of importance that I should be sure

That you are certainly John Nutt.'

' Zounds,' quoth the man, what do you mean,

' I tell you once again

' My names are Nutt and John,

' And both together make John Nutt,

' Which man

' I am ;

' But if this window is'nt quickly shut

' I sh'nt be long.'

' Well then, return'd the other very slow,

Since it is so—

I'll tell you what's the matter ;—

You may conclude 'tis nothing light

That sends me here on such a night,

With such a clatter,

So rudely to attack you ;

So if your name is certainly *John Nutt*,

Why then the Devil crack you !—

## THE KISS.

" Give me one kiss, one kiss my love"

I murmur'd soft in Julia's ear ;

" The treasures of thy lips would prove,

Than India's wealth, oh love, more dear."

" No ! no !" she cried, " this must not be :

This little lip is not yet thine ;

Till Hymen binds thy faith to me,

I'll give no treasure from the mine !"

But, when half-hurt to be denied,

I sigh'd as if my heart would break,

She sweetly smil'd, and blushing cried,

" I will not give—but you may take ?"

## THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

*From Moore's Irish Melodies.*

'Tis the last rose of summer,

Left blooming alone ;

All her lovely companions

Are faded and gone :

No flow'r of her kindred,

No rose bud is nigh

To reflect back her blushes,

Or give sigh for sigh !

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one !

To pine on the stem ;

Since the lovely are sleeping,

Go, sleep thou with them :

Thus kindly I scatter

Thy leaves o'er the bed,

Where thy mates of the garden  
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,  
When friendships decay,  
And from love's shining circle  
The gems drop away !  
When true hearts lie withered,  
And fond ones are flown,  
Oh ! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

ODE

TO THE DEITY ON THE BLESSINGS OF  
THE LATTER RAIN.—A FRAGMENT.

SAVIOUR of man ! with humbling hearts we  
bend,  
And own thee truly for the Sinner's friend :  
My soul shall yield her thanks with loud  
acclaim,  
And all within me praise thy holy name.

The drooping plants, the vintage of the  
earth,  
Praise thee aloud with renovated birth :  
In every shrub methinks a voice I hear,  
All nature's anthem meets the attentive ear.

The beasts that lately grazed a wasted plain,  
Cheer'd by the influence of the latter rain,  
Now shares with man amid this general  
good,  
And gaily crops their wild luxuriant food.

Then since all nature from the grassy sod,  
Lifts up her heart in silent thanks to God,  
Shall man, the image of his maker, rest  
In stupor wrapt, forgetting God has blest ?

No, let his soul in more exalted strain,  
Prove to that God he has not blest in vain.  
Father of Spirits, mould our stubborn will,  
Bid each unruly passion, peace, be still.

Let our rebellious hearts, with mercies  
mov'd,  
Adore and praise the eternal source of good :  
Thou didst declare in Sodom's guilty land,  
Thy spirit should not always strive with man :  
And may it now no longer strive in vain  
But all within us praise thy holy name.

ELLA.

NEW-YORK,  
SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1816.

Intelligence.

Funeral processions (says the Co-  
lumbian) & religious ceremonies, monu-  
ments and prayers are put in requisition  
to enlist sympathy in behalf of royal  
sufferers in France, and of their adhe-  
rents during the revolution. Masses are  
said for the king and queen, and the  
remains of the duke d'Enghien, which  
were dug up on the 20th of March (after  
much preparation) in the trenches of the  
southern part of the castle of Vincennes,  
were re-interred on the 21st, attended  
by peers, deputies, the old prince of  
Conde, &c. &c.

Such is the present dearth of what  
may be called news from the old world,  
that the editor of that excellent paper,  
the Gleaner, printed at Wilkes-Barre,  
says, speaking of the latest advices from  
Europe, "they are not of much import-  
ance, in the usual acceptation of the  
word ; yet are they of great importance,  
in the opinion of every philanthropist,  
as they show that Europe, so lately con-  
vulsed and torn by the most sanguinary  
contests, at length reposes in the arms  
of peace. Instead of battles—we have  
now accounts of balls : In place of fight-  
ing—we have statements of feasts :  
And in the room of the melancholy  
murder of millions—we read of magni-  
ficent marriages. The duke of Berri to  
a Princess of Naples :—Prince George  
Leopold to the Princess Charlotte :—  
The King of the Netherlands to a Rus-  
sian Princess, &c. &c. That little ras-  
cal, Cupid, it seems has kicked his fath-  
er, Mars, out of doors, and assumed the  
reins of empire himself.

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,  
All Earth below, and Heaven above,



For Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love—  
At least Walter Scott says so :

" In short, the great folks of Europe, having been doing all they could to depopulate Europe, for the last twenty-five years, are now seriously setting about the most effectual means to restore its numbers. But pleasant as all this may be to us as *men*, it cannot be concealed that to us as *printers* it is the very devil. No man cares a fig for the papers. The very sight of a gazette, now-a-days gives a man a fit of the gapes.—In good truth, Bonaparte, with all our abuse of him was worth fifty pounds a year in every printer's pocket. He was a rare workman at forging news. We have been devising a plan, the week past to rescue him from St. Helena, and send him back to Frejus : but as this happy event cannot be immediately expected, we must for the present content ourselves with such plain simple fare as peace in the world will afford—seasoned occasionally with a rasher of domestic politics. If the brothers of the type can't live by these means, why, as an old friend says—they must break up business and endeavour to get to some honest employment."

The U. S. ship Washington, 74 guns, commodore Chauncey, has arrived at Annapolis, to carry out Mr. Pinkney, the minister to Russia and Naples. The Baltimore Patriot, of May 20, says a number of gentlemen from this city, visited the U. S. ship Washington, Commodore Chauncey, off Annapolis on Saturday last, and were received by the Commodore with great politeness. And as far as their short stay permitted, they examined the ship, and were highly gratified with this noble specimen of American naval architecture, combining force with elegance and strength with neatness. A crew of about 600 healthy young men, and apparently in a state of

perfect happiness, content and discipline, worked the guns with the facility of a company manœuvring their muskets. The decks were clean, and the mess kids, cans, and tin cups, were placed in rows, with two bibles upon them, for each mess ; and the whole together formed a subject of the highest gratification to the patriot, the man of science, and the curious citizens who made the excursion, in one of the steam-boats.

#### MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. James Gemmel, to Miss Sarah Griffen, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. McClellan, Mr. Grover C. Furman, merchant, to Miss Maria Kneeland, daughter of Mr. Seth R. Kneeland, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Jacob Stout, to Miss Mary Mount, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Williams, Charles V. Varick, esq. to Miss Mary Jeffery, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Thatcher, Mr. Joseph Anderson, to Miss Eliza Ann Le Count, both of this city.

#### DIED.

Mrs. Long, wife of Frederick Long, aged 48 years.

Miss Julia Ann Little, daughter of Jonathan Little, esq. aged 17.

Mrs. Eliza Ballow.

Mr. Abraham Brower, aged 81.

After a few hours illness, Mr. George Schmelzel, sen. in the 67th year of his age.

Mrs. Elizabeth Bliss, wife of Mr. Daniel Bliss, aged 33.

Mr. Lewis Webster.

Mr. Charles Barber.

Mrs. Mary E. M. Sanford wife of the hon. Nathan Sanford.

Mr. Jacob S. Van Winkle, aged 40.

Mrs. Sarah Bray, wife of the late captain George Bray, aged 51.

Mrs. Jane Gourlay, wife of Robert Gourlay, aged 43.

Mrs. Jane Parison, wife of Mr. Philip Parison, aged 51.

Archibald Kerly, esq. aged 65.

Mr. John Leonard, aged 63.

## RIGHTLY SERVED.

A GREAT *Leader* of fashions amongst the dashing bloods in the city has recently had a hoax played off upon him, which some of his most intimate friends cannot help admitting is a *fair one*. The gentleman in question possesses a heart of the greatest susceptibility, and capable of the most sudden, but, perhaps not the most lasting impressions. He was about to receive the hand of a lady of no ordinary merit, when he was diverted from his purpose by the beauty, innocent simplicity, and other attractive qualities which seemed to be combined in the daughter of a country gentleman, whom he first saw by chance in the vicinity of the metropolis, leaning on the arm of her father. So forcibly was the young citizen struck with the irresistible charms of the lovely cottager, that acting upon the principle, that 'a faint heart ne'er won a fair lady,' he left no means untried to obtain an introduction to the London visitors, as he supposed them. He succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. Having convinced the weary father, that in point of property and family no reasonable objections could be made to him as a son-in-law, he was equally fortunate, after a little coyness, in gaining his suit with the daughter. One thing, however, was necessary to be done; as the father had been all his life, by means of the strictest economy, saving a goodly portion for his dear and only child, which was secured for her in hard cash, he should deem it the height of imprudence on his part, if he did not see, before marriage, that a proper settlement was made upon his daughter by her husband. The poor youth was too far gone to be enabled to recede—neither did he wish it; and every thing was arranged to the old gentleman's satisfaction. The young gentleman painted the amiable qualities of his betrothed bride in the liveliest colours, and obtained the consent of his parents to the match. Little more was now to be done, except the father was to introduce his intended son-in-law to his friends in the country, and then see the happy pair to church. But before

all this could be effected, the old gentleman must perform his promise to his daughter to let her visit Bath. "By all means," said the lover, "and I will make one of the party." To Bath they went; & so enamoured was the young citizen with his choice, that he offered to purchase for her a variety of trinkets. Had the simple cottager been accustomed to the haut ton all her life she could not have displayed a more genuine taste than was discovered in her selection of the ornaments offered to her. By some chance or other, she always hit upon articles the most costly. Now approached the time when the impatient lover was anxious for the nuptial rites to be performed, but something or other always intervened to prevent the journey to see the friends in the country. At length, wearied out, the youth was solicitous for the performance of the ceremony before the country jaunt took place; any further delay would appear strange to his friends. Sunday the 14th inst. was appointed for the union, which was to take place in the city. The evening previous to the happy day, the lady wrote a note from her father's lodgings, near the Strand, to say that she had just been apprised that a dear friend was on the point of sailing for India, and that she could never be happy without taking a last farewell of her; but the short distance to the ship down the river would not prevent her from meeting her dearest husband at the church next morning, although it would deprive her of the intended happiness of seeing him that evening. The denouement, as may be supposed, is, that the lady never came to her appointment, but assisted her pretended father in packing up and decamping with all the plate and valuables, to the amount of 600*l.* which had been purchased by the citizen in the contemplation of the marriage. No traces have been discovered of the hopeful pair, but they are supposed to belong to a gang of swindlers, in which there are some females of a superior order, and who, on several occasions, have taken the lead in their nefarious transactions.—*London pap.*